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Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Yours truly, WALTER C. MERRICK & CO.

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HOME NEWS

The man in the moon is looking at you, and will feel sadly disappointed if you do not buy one of P. Golden's \$1.35 hats he is selling for \$1.00.

Mr. J. S. McClintic, who has operated the McClintic mill the past two years, is arranging to take charge of the McLaughlin mill near Edray, March the first.

PAWS. Pause a moment when you come to Marlinton, and step into P. Golden's store. You will be pleasantly surprised at the variety of the large stock, and the bargains he is offering in clothing and general merchandise.

The editor of this paper was absent during Valentine week, so the humblest employee of this office was enabled to realize a modest competence by stealing and selling the comic valentines, sent in by admiring friends to the missing editor.

John Andrew Clunen, eldest son of the late Timothy Clunen, of Buckeye, moved West fifteen years since and resides in Andrew County, north-west Missouri. Information comes that his wife died on the 10th inst. of pulmonary troubles, leaving four children.

Persons sometimes speak discouragingly of the distance and inconvenience of marketing facilities. The great secret in regard to markets is to have something to sell. No one lives farther away from the markets than the person who has nothing to sell, and everything to buy.

The law students at Morgantown are very much aroused over the proposed legislation to extend the time of study in preparing for the bar, and protest quite vehemently. There seems to be no opposition to similar legislation with reference to physicians, so far as our exchanges are advised. No matter what the legislation may be, there will always be room at the top for the diligent and energetic.

It is reported that an indulgent parent gave his little boy a quarter and a nickel and told him he might have his choice which to throw into the Sunday collection. Upon returning from service, his father inquired which he gave. The boy replied: I intended to give the quarter, but when the preacher told us the Lord loved a cheerful giver the most, I then gave the nickel, as I could do that more cheerfully than the other.

The members of Greenbrier Presbytery are notified to meet in Alderson, February 26th, to release the Rev. J. H. Lewis of the pastoral care of the Muddy Creek church, near the Blue Sulphur Springs. Also to release Rev. J. E. Mebane from the pastorate of Raven's Eye church, in Fayette County. Mr. Lewis is laid aside by broken health, which will be restored by rest as many friends hope and pray. Mr. Mebane's services are to be concentrated on fewer points.

There is a county in Tennessee that has three remarkable families. The first to be mentioned consists of four persons, the parents and a son and a daughter whose height ranges from 6 feet 2 inches to 7 feet 8 inches. The heavy family is composed of the parents and a daughter. Their combined weight is 900 pounds. The featherweight family consists of the parents and eight children, and their combined weight is 500 pounds. The average is a little over 60 pounds.

One matter seems to be assured that the prosperity of those who are to live permanently in Pocahontas will largely depend on grazing facilities. Whatever promotes the fertility of meadows and pastures is conducive to the welfare of the citizens. The appearance and rapid spread of moonshine grass is cause for serious apprehension. Our citizens, it is hoped, will take the matter in hand, and by reflection and inquiry ascertain some efficient method by which its spread may be prevented, and the land already occupied by, reclaimed and restored to its former blue-grass value. If any of our readers have any thing to advise as a remedy, it would be well to make it known. A practical suggestion would be worth thousands if used aright.

Our thanks are due Hon. J. M. Sydenstricker, Commissioner of Labor for the State of West Virginia, for his elaborate and instructive report, submitted to the Governor. It is the Commissioner's duty to furnish information in relation to the financial, social, educational, and sanitary conditions of the laboring classes, and all statistical information that may tend to increase the prosperity of the State. Upon complaint and request of any three or more reputable persons visit and inspect any place where labor is employed, and make true report of the result of his inspection. According to the statistics given from Pocahontas county, farming operations, show more expenses than gains the past year. The lowest money wages \$11.00, highest \$14.00. The highest daily wages 75cts lowest 50cts. The showing for Greenbrier county something more favorable.

Mr. Joseph Weeks, of Pittsburgh, an authority on iron industries, writes to the *New York Herald*, and says that he has never known such extensive preparations as have been recently made to take full advantage of trade not yet in sight. The engineering officers are crowded with construction work. One firm has two millions in orders on its books. He predicts that an almost unprecedented revival in business will result before another twelve months have passed away. Other correspondents from Pittsburgh, speaks in glowing terms of new mills, and the extension of old ones for the manufacture of tinplate in and around that leading city of important industries.

Correct answer to the "Stock problem," in last week's issue were received from Messrs. O. W. Buckman, Edray, Ligon Marshall, and W. H. Dilley, Dilley's Mill, and J. E. Wise, of Huttonsvill. Mr. Wise's solution will be printed in full next week, together with problem.

Mr. John A. McLaughlin, of Pocahontas County, came from his home last week, and will begin teaching at Cowarden about the first of March. He is a Dunsmore College graduate.—*Bath News*.

A & B bought 100 pounds of beef for \$5. A paid \$3, and B \$2, but as A got the best beef he had to pay 1 cent more per pound than B, how many pounds had each?

Personal.

The residents of Marlinton are keenly alive to the advantages of education and refined culture. Miss Anna Wallace has an interesting music class, Prof. Sutton is giving instruction in painting, drawing, and sketching, Prof. Wyson is teaching a graded school, and it is expected that Miss Brownlee will open a select school in March.

The many friends of the popular Englishman, Mr. Arthur Lawson, proprietor of Duffryn, near Mingo, will be pleased to hear of his return after an absence of several months.

Messrs. W. A. Bratton and E. I. Holt are in New York on important business.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Forest Hill has just closed an interesting session of the Edray public school. There is material for a graded school at that point which it would be well to have improved right away.

Miss Allie Baxter has finished a prosperous term at Fair View, and is now at home.

Mr. Douglas McNeill, of Buckeye, has finished his first term with marked acceptance to his patrons, and is now at Hillsboro diligently employed in advanced studies.

Captain J. M. McNeill, a disabled veteran, is quietly and pleasantly passing the winter at his well-earned home. He takes a lively interest in current events, and wonders where it will all end.

Mr. Edgar Sharp, of Verdant Valley, paid us a pleasant visit last week.

Mr. Oliver E. Wilson, who has been in the Mill Point roller mill more than a year, dropped in a few minutes as we hope for our mutual advantage.

Messrs. L. M. McClintic and Andrew Price have returned from Grafton.

Drummers have appeared.

Hillsboro.

PAINT.

The newspapers get no little figure as educators of the people. We are continually seeking information through their columns and often find subjects discussed, and suggestions made that are of great importance to us. Therefore if the readers of the *Times* will kindly indulge us in a short talk on the subject of house paints, we will try to present some of the evils, which confront those having houses to paint. We have been brought up in the faith of two articles, one of them linseed oil, the other white lead. Architects specify them, the people expect them. Why? Because they are considered the best, most durable and economical paint. They have always been considered the standard paint. But we ask the question are they maintaining their high standard of excellence? We think not. We have abundant evidence all around us, that there is something wrong with the white lead and oil we have been using here during the last three or four years. Some of the last houses in Hillsboro have been painted but a short time, with standard brands of white lead, and it is coming off. Of late years most any kind of paint wears as well as white lead. How do we account for this deterioration? We think partly from the fact that the market is flooded with mixtures branded pure white lead which is composed largely of oxide of zinc, and barytes; a heavy substance, without body or merit of any kind as a paint, and is added solely for the reason that it costs only one cent per pound, and gives weight to the paint in imitation of pure white lead. Then again white lead is not corroded as it used to be by what was called "The old dutch process," requiring from two to four months to turn out the perfect article. To-day it is corroded by the aid of powerful acids in a few days. This rapid cheap method of producing it, is very inferior to the old way. It retains a portion of the acid, which on exposure to the sun and atmosphere injures the oil destroying its elasticity, and finally decomposes it so that you have on your building nothing but a coat of chalk which rubs off leaving the wood bare and unprotected. Linseed oil, which is the life of paint, is largely adulterated with cotton seed oil, peanut oil, corn oil, sunflower seed oil and various parasites. Now these facts should put every one having painting to do to thinking. There will be a great deal of painting to do throughout this country during the present year, and there is no one that wants to throw away money money on cheap adulterated paints that will fade and rub off within a year after they are applied. Allow us to suggest to those who buy white lead and oil, to have it tested before using, and also allow us to suggest the use of the Liquid Rubber Paints put up by A. W. Ingersoll, of Brooklyn, N. Y. These paints are made of good materials, and put together in a scientific way in accordance with the chemical laws of nature, and are guaranteed to withstand the action of the elements. We honestly believe they will out last white lead and oil hand mixed three times, and are of handsome finish.

LUMBER BOUGHT

Mr. C. W. Callison, well known in this county as a lumber operator, has secured a valuable lot of timber in Eastern Tennessee; about 15,000,000 feet of it is choice poplar, running from 2 to 4 feet in diameter. There is also some excellent oak and white pine. Mr. Callison will convert it into plank and run it by means of tram roads to the Norfolk & Western R. R. & high runs within 7 miles of it, thus avoiding the heavy expense of driving and rafting on water courses. He wants to commence operations the first of next month. We wish him success.

FARM SOLD.

Mr. John Hill has sold his farm (13 acres) lying in the suburbs of Hillsboro to Mr. S. J. Payne, for \$1,200. Mr. Payne expects to put up a store building on it next summer.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

Mrs. A. C. Hamill, while opening a glass jar recently, accidentally broke it into pieces, badly cutting two fingers of the right hand on the sharp edges of the glass.

Mr. Nat Klunson's potatoes were all frozen during the recent cold weather, and Mrs. Lillian Larue's large collection of beautiful flowers shared the same fate.

There is a petition in circulation here with a good many subscribers, asking the County Court to appropriate a small sum of money for the purpose of securing additional funds to assist in the prosecution of Alex. Armstrong and one Cumberland now in jail, awaiting trial, for the robbery of Captain A. M. Edgar, the 4th of this month one year ago.

Miss B. F. Clark who left here recently, for Logan C. H. this State to take charge of a school there, went by rail as far as Kenova, a small station on the Norfolk & Western R. R. and finding her way from there by a stage line, so blocked up with snow that there was no possible way of getting through it for several weeks, returned to her home at this place.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a business trip to Charleston, Baltimore and other cities.

"JENKINS."

Dilley's Mill.

EFFECT OF COLD WINTER.

We have had winter in abundance. The blizzard lasted three days, a steady gale, and stock suffered intensely from the cutting wind. Some stock have frozen feet and a calf belonging to Mr. George Fertig froze to death. Chickens, geese, and geese froze to death. This winter will be long remembered. Feed is very scarce. Many are feeding a great deal of grain to lengthen their rough feed. The roads are impassable in many parts. The road from Mr. Clayton Dilley's to Mr. Morgan Grimes' is impassable.

Rev. R. R. Little held his last quarterly meeting, for this Conference year, at Frost, Sunday. He preached a very able sermon.

Miss Florence Hively closed her school at Oak Grove, and will start to school at Cove Hill.

TO THOUGHTFUL PATRIOTS

Washington day is the most sacred of our national anniversaries. George Washington was born at Bridges' Creek, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. His early home was a plain, wooden, farm house, built on the old Virginia style. Other American generals were as brilliant in battle; but Washington alone could conquer defeat.

STRONG WORDS.

We and many others are glad the State Bar Association has endorsed the bill preventing quack lawyers qualifying. For sure there are some who should be debarred from leading men to ruin. Some there are who, when they hear of any difficulty between neighbors, make a special visit to urge them into court; swindling people who they can lead.

Rev. C. M. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion on the first Sunday in March, at 11 A. M. Last time for this year.

People are making good use of the snow sledding in their summer wood.

We are sorry to hear of the death of the Widow Chapman, in Webster County. She was the mother of thirteen children. Her home was twelve miles this side of Addison Springs, and she always made her house very pleasant to travelers.

Mrs. Jasper Dilley is very sick of pneumonia, but is slowly improving. Dr. Lockridge is attending her.

ANONYMOUS.

Died.

A letter to the undersigned, from Woodland, Cal., brings the sad news of the death of Mrs. W. T. Curry. She died on the 2nd of February at 8 o'clock p. m. The funeral took place the next day Aged 35 years and 1 month.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumbers, Peaceful in thy grave so low; And in heaven we hope to meet her, When our pilgrimage is o'er." Green Bank, W. Va. J. H. CURRY.

HOW A MAN CAN BE HIS GRANDFATHER.—I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited our house frequently, fell in love and married my step-daughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My step-daughter had also a son, he was of course my brother, and at the same time, my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband, and at the same time, her grandchild, and as the husband of a person's grand mother is his grand father, so I was my own grand father.—*Beebeage*.

Dunmore.

Still it continues a little cool.

Capt. E. A. Smith, wife and daughter, and "Grandpap" Geo. McLaughlin, and wife, of Marlinton, were up on visits.

Messrs. Geo. S. Taylor and Labe Mann, of Edray were up on a visit last week.

Mr. Frank McElwee and Miss Mattie McElwee, were on a visit to Driscoll last week.

Miss Lizzie Arbogast, was in our town last week.

B. M. Yeager, Esq., passed through town on his way from the North Pole.

There is now being a town laid out at Point Look Out.

Stonewall is on a visit to Clover Lick.

The Misses Vint were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Peter Carpenter and Mrs. Peter Oliver, are on the sick list, with Dr. Little in attendance.

Mr. B. D. McElwee, is now putting up furniture at Dunmore.

Jacob Taylor has met his match—he has a young monkey and a pet coon.

We understand Mr. Jack Noonan, has a new way of keeping his feet warm, in cold weather. Good for Jack. TICKLE BRITCHES.

Clover Lick.

The people of this part are still alive so far as we know.

We have had dreadfully cold weather. Some people have frozen feet, and some stock frozen. We cannot tell how cold it was, for the few thermometers owned in this section were taken in to keep them from freezing up. We do not wish Mr. Hicks any harm, but hope that his prediction of the weather of the 25th may be wrong.

Do not attempt to travel this road, for it is impassable.

John Shinnberry had his mole badly crippled in a snow-drift at the old Lick House the other day.

The wild turkeys have come down to the runs, and to the hay and oat stacks, for food and shelter, and occasionally you can hear of one being killed. Mr. J. C. Price had to protect his oat stack to prevent the wild turkeys from destroying it.

Mr. Thomas Showalter shot a red fox the other day.

MARVELOUS.

Over a hundred polecats have been caught on Elk near Linwood. The hunters have this large boundary laid off in territories, and each cannot cross the line. E. H. Showalter belongs to this company, and the other day he dug out a polecat, that was faring sumptuously on a ground-hog, which he had eaten half up, though still alive. That ground-hog did not see his shadow.

PUMPKINHEAD.

Green Bank.

The sun is shining once more.

Mr. H. P. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, was in town last Friday.

Mr. Harvey Maupin and wife passed through town last week enroute to Travelers' Repose.

We are sorry to lose Dr. C. L. Austin from our village, as he was a good doctor and a good neighbor, but hope the change may be beneficial to him in every respect.

Mr. Henry Sheets lost a horse some days since that was 32 years old. It could eat corn from the cob with ease.

There is considerable sickness in this part of the county at this time.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address UNIAH BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the *Pocahontas Times* and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.45 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 300 camps.

Picture Taking Is Easy

KODAK
IF YOU DO IT WITH A
KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 50 page, illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodaks and Kodets, free for the asking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

KODAKS \$6.00 to \$700.00. Rochester, N. Y.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG
FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-sprain, curb, poll-evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address: **T. J. WILLIAMS**, Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$162.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Monocrover, Monocrover, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 287, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situated in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 26th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 493, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Trustee.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

ROOFING

Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped every where.

PAINT

red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDER

that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICE

low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
—Store and Shop,—

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crammett, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY.

Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

The 18th inst was the centennial anniversary of the birth of the great American philanthropist, George Peabody.

Not in Stock.

Lady (to dog dealer)—"I live in a lonely house in the country, and I want a good house dog."

"Yes, marm."

"But I don't want one that will keep me awake at night barking at nothing."

"No, marm."

"He must be very strong and fierce, yet as gentle as a lamb with us you know."

"Yes, marm."

"And he must pounce upon and drive every tramp away that comes to the house."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not interfere with any honest person coming along."

"No, marm. Anything more?"

"Yes; if a burglar comes, the dog should attack him instantly."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not molest any one who makes a friendly call at any time."

"No, marm."

"And, of course, he must not interfere with any person who may have to come to see my husband, for he is a doctor, and so a great many people call."

"No, marm. I quite see what you want. You want a thought-reading dog?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, marm, but I am quite out of the kind you want."

Advertiser.

Sage Not Sagacious.

From the Springfield Republican.

If Sage were half way decent he would long ago, without a murmur, have voluntarily made full compensation to the poor clerk, Laidlaw, whose body received the injuries aimed at Sage. Meantime Lawyer Joseph H. Choate, counsel for Laidlaw, is having a vast amount of fun with the stingy and unfeeling old stock jobber, and he announces that he will stand by Laidlaw "If it takes twenty trials before this man Sage is brought before the bar of justice."

NEW RIVER VALLEY BANK, is the name of a new bank established at Hinton. It will be ready for business by June 1st.

CHARLEY C. one of the youngest Sam Purdy colts, raised by Winfield Liggett, of Harrisonburg, broke the five-mile trotting record, at Ontario, Can., His time was 13:20 minutes.

A BEAR tried to break into the basement of the Homestead Hotel at the Hot Springs.

THE United States Senate is a tie between the two great parties at the present. The Vice President giving the decided vote.

THE Union Theological Seminary, at Hamden Sydney, is to be removed to Richmond.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MEMPHIS CO., W. VA.

Special Offer

We have made arrangements with the *Compendious Veterans* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the *Pocahontas Times* and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.50 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 300 camps.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneasson,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.



IT TICKLES YOU
—THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM—

**LIGHTNING
HOT DROPS.**

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Indigestion,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) **SPRINGFIELD, O.**

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton W. Va.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

J. B. FOSS, Edray, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—builds up the system, drives out the very first disease—no more ailing, no more weakness, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuritis, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—It has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two or three bottles we will send out of Ten Beautiful Women's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Labella. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Banick's Valley. Four miles from tarapike, and near the line of the R. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Labella, W. Va.

W. B. HILL.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 31.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co. Court, G. M. Kee,
(C. E. Beard,
A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justice, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock, Charles Cook, H. H.
Grove, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown,
Hunners, G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. D. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's. Second. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

RESIDENCE AT

FRONT, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

It becomes our painful duty to try to reduce to intelligibility Mr. Hicks' somewhat indefinite forecasts for the month of March. As near as we can read his almanac, the month will open with the storms of February working across the east. The storm period commences on the 4th when the celestial bodies come at us six deep. From the 4th to the 12th we will feel the combined forces of the Moon, Vulcan, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Jupiter. It is doubtful whether we were ever attacked by such rabble heretofore. About the 12th, or the end of this period, the baneful influence of the ground-hog will have spent itself. We will have a cessation of hostilities then until the 16th when the equinoctial period will proceed to give us particular fits. The reactionary storms of the 23d and 24th are then to be expected. The last storm period is from the 26th to the 29th when two storms will pass over the country. This leaves us the 30th and 31st to plant potatoes, one of which days is Sunday. The weather prophet says "Watch March," but you may safely say that he cannot say "Watch March" very often in quick succession without getting tangled up. Upon the whole we cannot expect much surcease from sorrow during this month. We are promised better things in April.

In thinking about the Brooklyn labor troubles, it seems singular that eight or ten thousand soldiers and two thousand five hundred policemen could not instantly suppress the rioters. They outnumbered the strikers two to one, and were splendidly equipped with improved weapons. The sympathies of these armed peace preservers must have been with the operatives to such an extent that even their oath to the city and State to suppress disorder, did not influence them to shoot down at once the complaining and famished workmen in their protest against tyranny and avarice. It looks as if these sworn guardians of the peace went as far as they could in the matter of leniency, without incurring liability to charges for insubordination or treason. The special significance of such action on the part of the citizen soldiery indicates they had no heart in enabling corporations to oppress their employees, and it seems that the soldiers and policemen must have been sure that outside of the disorderly violence, the justice of the controversy was on the side of the suffering working-men, and so they refrained as long as possible from bloody punishment.

This seems to be the age of timidity with our statesmen. In our own Legislature the new brooms came in and failed to make any radical changes in the existing laws. With Congress each party wishes to make the other party responsible for any decided step towards bettering the condition of things. We will have to cry out presently "Oh, for a man!"

FRED DOUGLASS, the great negro statesman, is dead. For more than a quarter of a century he has been prominent in the affairs of the nation. He was born a slave, though the greater part of him was white. He has never had any desire, it seems, to choose his associates from the negro race.

POETRY.

For the TIMES.

On the Head of Elk River.

The commercial man was freezing fast,
As up the Old Field Fork he passed,
Chilled to the bone by every blast!
The driving snow obscures his view,
He fears he cannot struggle through,
He's where the cold waves rendezvous,
On Elk!

The ice upon his mustache bold
Seems destined to uproot its hold;
His face is parboiled with the cold!
His gallant steed is loath to go
On struggling with the drifted snow—
Cursed be the winds that always blow
On Elk!

A shirt-sleeved sovereign of the soil,
Sits cooling from his daily toil,
Oblivious of the storm's turmoil!
The frozen drummer hears him say,
He's hit the time to come that way,
It is a very pleasant day,
On Elk!

He meets a maiden there-a-bout,
An Elk ideal, big and stout, (lookout!)
"You'll freeze," he says, "if you don't
"Oh, bless you no," said the gentle soul,
"I'm out for to take a pleasant stroll,
The air is quite balmy to-day on the
whole,"
On Elk!

OURSELVES

AS NEW YORKERS SEE US. "HAPPY IN THEIR IGNORANCE."

A Curious Race in the Mountains of West Virginia.

(The New York Sun says:)

"I read in the New York Sun the other day," said a New York dealer in roots, "the item from Wheeling about Meyer Horkeimer finding 27½ pounds of shot in a shipment of ginseng root he had received, the discovery of which seemed to have surprised him. That it should have, strikes me as being odd, for the loading of ginseng with shot to increase its weight and swell the amount to be received for it, is a very old trick of sanger-diggers, as every one who has dealt with them ought to know. This is especially true of the sangers of the West Virginia mountains.

"Ginseng grows in all the rich upland woods of North America from Canada to the mountains of the Southern States, but especially in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. It grows super-abundantly in the West Virginia mountains, and here the professional sanger is found in all his uniqueness. The sanger-diggers of Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and other States, are usually farmers and their families, who harvest the wild crop as an incidental, though profitable, addition to their regular farm products, but in West Virginia there are whole communities, the dwellers in which do no other work than digging ginseng and have no other income than the proceeds of the sale of the root.

"It is probably hardly necessary to say that these sangers are of a low order of humanity. There are scattering nomadic tribes of them in other parts of the State, but in the isolated counties of Greenbrier, Webster, Pendleton, and Nicholas a race of these people have a fixed habitation. They are a people by themselves, and a curious one. Their origin is unknown. I can remember when I was a boy in Virginia before the war, hearing the old colored mamies speak almost in whispers of the mysterious sangers of the mountains.

"They are described as elfish kings, who lurked in the fastnesses, always on the watch for fat negro babies, which they would carry away to their inaccessible haunts, there to roast and eat them. They also had eagles that did their bidding, and, when it was not convenient to secure a baby themselves, they sent an eagle to swoop down and snatch a pickaninny from where it might be sleeping in the sun, and bear it away to the sangers. The eagles, too, always shared in their feast. The tales that the old slave woman used to tell of the horrible things the sangers had done and would do to bad boys and girls kept my young blood in a state of continuous chill, and kept me from many a bit of private mischief. The sanger was a most effective 'bogey man,' on our planta-

tion, at least.

"But the true sanger is above being the cave-dwelling little demon of slave-day lore. Instead of subsisting on roast pickaninny, he is satisfied with fried bacon and corn-bread. Ground-hog, coon, and possum he indulges in occasionally, if he feels like going and setting traps for them.

"There are deer and bear a-plenty in the mountains, but the sanger is no hunter. He does not take the gun, yet shot is always among the supplies he orders in return for the ginseng. He is an expert fisherman, though, and follows the rare trout streams of his habitat with great results. It is declared to be a fact,—but of this I have no personal knowledge, although I have no doubt that it is true,—that the young of owls and eagles, young skunks, and rattle snakes are by no means rarities in the sanger's larder. And yet, strange as it may seem, he looks with horror upon frogs as food.

"The sangers of that particular part of West Virginia are of small stature, a five-footer being an average-sized man. They are tough, tireless, and agile. They are peaceful, and not given much to the use of intoxicants. Their garb is grotesque in the extreme, being made up of any and all kinds of cast-off things, and frequently a covering, or half-covering, of rags and tatters. A single garment of tow or calico is enough for the women, and the numerous children run as naked as they were born as long as the weather will permit it. The only attempt at agriculture these people make is the scratching up of a little ground to raise the tobacco they use—and they all use it, regardless of age or sex, chiefly by smoking it in a corn-cob pipe. The women drink a tea made from pungent roots or sassafras bark. Marriage is not looked upon as necessary, although if a sanger wants to make the sharer of his hut his wife by marriage ceremony he may do so. But polygamous relations are not permitted under any circumstances.

"Naturally, or, perhaps, unnaturally, the members of the tribe are close of kin.

"They live in log huts with chimneys made of clay.

"There is never more than one room in a hut, and this serves for all the needs of the occupants.

"They sleep on the floor, and, although in the winter time they are frequently put to great straits for the necessities of life, they seem happy amid their want and squalor.

"At such times it would be well for the outlying settlements if the sangers were hibernators, for why as they are as a general thing about approaching the settlements, the depletion of granaries and smoke-houses therein shows that some sanger's necessity has been greater than his shyness.

"The sanger despises work and shuns it habitually, but a great change comes over him when the ginseng season arrives. The country store-keeper, who has frowned upon his efforts to get credit during the winter, now warms towards the sanger, and is glad to be on good terms with him, for he wants the profits of his season's sanging, and the country store-keeper makes a fat thing out of the sanger season. The ginseng season begins about the middle of May, when the tender green plant shows itself above the ground. The season ends about the middle of October, when the ripened berries have fallen, the plant turns yellow, withers away, and is indistinguishable from the surrounding undergrowth. The root is the only part of the plant that has commercial value, and even the root would not have any value but for the superstition of a semi-civilized people, who have made of what otherwise would be an inconsidered weed an article which has added millions to the exports of the United States. The root, when it comes from the ground, is a pale saturn color on the rind, the interior being pure

white. It has a feeble odour, and a sweet, slightly aromatic taste, not unlike licorice.

"Ginseng root is sold green to the country stores by the diggers. The rural dealers frequently offer prizes for the heaviest single root, and for the greatest number of pounds brought in by a single sanger. The price paid varies with the season, all calculations being made upon the basis of dry sanger.

"Thus in May and June the root is light, taking nearly five pounds of green to make one of dry. In July and August less than four pounds of green will yield a dry pound, and in September and October, the root having matured, less than three pounds of green will make one pound of dry root.

"As soon as the root is brought from the sangers, it is either dried in the sun or in kilns made for the purpose, or steamed and quickly evaporated. This last process produces the highest grade of ginseng known to the trade, it being clear and like water. But there is great risk to the country dealers in preparing the root in this way, and he prefers to dry it and sell it in its natural condition. The faster the root can be dried the better for the rural merchant, for ginseng dried rapidly does not lose so much in weight as it does if dried slowly. It behoves the man who is dealing direct with the sanger to be up to all the tricks of the trade, for if he isn't, he will get left, just as the mountain merchant did who sold the invoice of ginseng to the Wheeling dealer the other day. The exporter will not buy a pound of ginseng that is not as dry as punk, and absolutely free from all other roots. The tricky sanger has a deft way of mixing poke root, colts' foot, angelica, elecampane, and other roots that are difficult of detection with his sack of ginseng. The sanger is very porous, and the sanger long ago discovered that by soaking it in water before taking it to market, he could add materially to its weight. But ramming shot into the roots and skillfully hiding the hole where they went in has always been the fraud of which he was most proud.

"All ginseng goes to China, where it is considered a panacea for all ills, the Chinese having used it in medical practice for centuries. Ginseng was known in China before America was discovered. It is the basis for the Chinese elixir of life, although, as a matter of fact, it has no active medical properties whatever. But if the Chinese want to think it has, and think it so strongly that they are not only willing but eager to pay about \$3,000,000 a year to get the 500,000 or 600,000 pounds of ginseng we produce in the United States, we ought not to kick or send scientific persons over there to labor with them, and convince they are all wrong. Ginseng doesn't hurt the Chinese, and it does us a heap of good." (And so say all of us patriots in West Virginia!)

Frozen to Death.

A thrilling report comes from Tucker county, of two school children, a brother and sister perishing in the blizzard that raged on the 13th of February. The brother's age was 12 years and he took off and wrapped his coat around his sister aged 10 years, and when found they were folded in each other's arms. The papers are speaking of this self-sacrificing act in highest terms of eulogy. The New York Express, says: His conduct had in it all the highest elements of heroism. It was not inspired by love of glory or hope of reward, it was born of instinctive chivalry, and inspired by dauntless courage. To die in the blaze of battle is far less difficult, than to perish by inches after having deliberately sacrificed the last chance of safety in order to save another. There could be no eternal trial of heroism than this West Virginia boy stood the test, and the nation that lost him has reason for pride as well as regret. He was made of the right stuff for American citizenship.

A publication issued by a big Eastern thread company says that over 7,000,000 miles of thread are annually used in the United States.

Observes the Louisville Courier-Journal: Countess Wachtmeister says the future man will have a sixth sense. It is to be hoped it will be common sense.

London Engineering says that the new magazine gun adopted for the United States Army possesses "all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine gun."

The practice of grasping a loaded gun by the muzzle is still in vogue, laments the San Francisco Examiner. There is never a closed season for the particular sort of a hunter who fails to realize the relative ability of the two ends of his weapon.

Considerable attention has been drawn to the statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, that during the past six years it was frequently the Czar's personal influence that maintained peace; that frequently there were warlike threats which he never answered.

The Japanese scheme of dividing China into three independent kingdoms, each to be ruled by a native prince, is, in the estimation of the Philadelphia Ledger, an ingenious one. The attempts of the three princes to do each other up would probably relieve Japan of any further subjugatory efforts in China.

The cotton seed oil mills of England import their cotton seed almost exclusively from Egypt. The oil is used in soap factories, and a considerable quantity of it is shipped to the Mediterranean where, without doubt, observes the New York Independent, it is transformed into "pure olive oil," much of which is sent to the United States and purchased by our people in preference to the really pure oil made in California.

Says the New York Independent: Our dailies show a great lack of reverence in describing the weather. The Tribune spoke of the expected cyclone from the Gulf as coming north at an "easy jog;" the Times said it "seems to have bumped against a Nova Scotia 'high' (area of high pressure); the Herald characterized it as "a very slow cyclone," and said it "must put on more steam;" the World told its readers that the great storm is on its way, but "is taking things easier than the weather sharps thought." Thus do our great papers exhibit their genius in making the oldest and commonest of topics interesting.

A good many people appear to think that resistance to a blow is a test of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man in this city, relates the New York Sun, to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer, or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem first with a file and after with fragments of stone of differing hardness. If it yields to the file it is glass, or something no more durable than that.

That glorious theme of song and story, the old frigate Constitution, apostrophizes the New York Press, is to devote the rest of her days to the training of youth; and that these days may be long is the wish of every true American who remembers her services to her country. She is to be turned over to the Massachusetts naval militia for use as a training ship, and will leave her present refuge at Portsmouth at once. No more fitting career could be imagined for the Constitution than that of an educator, and the youthful Massachusetts sailors are fortunate. There is a history in every plank of the old warrior, a story in every spar. She tells of battles fought and won in such an atmosphere of devotion to country, patriots will be made as well as sailors.

WE WON'T GIVE IN.

Storms may howl from East to West—
Sun hide out by day;
Cotton worms do their best—
Country short on hay;
Still, we ain't a-going to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
Let the cotton rise an' fall!
Let the corn give out;
Let the strongest horses stall,
Flounderin' about!
Ain't a bit o' use to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
If the crop is short, the land
Still is bread an' long;
Still the hoe is in the hand—
Still the mule is strong!
Never goin' to see us give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
What's the use to sit an' pine
When the cold wind blows?
Takes a lot o' rain an' shine
Jest to make a rose!
Roses die an' violets give in,
But the world owes folks a livin'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.



"H, Selindy, I wish you could go!" Little Miss Kittredge elevated her seamy forehead in a way that she had when she was worried, until her eyebrows reached almost to her "widow's peak."

Selinda gave the finishing touch to the pink waist she was ironing and set the iron down hard.

"It's of no use to talk, mother. I never can go anywhere," she said. "And I do wish you wouldn't call me Selindy."

The ironed things went into the clothes basket with a sweep and a toss, and the basket went into the closet with a thump, and Selinda ran up stairs to her own room and buried her head in the pillow. It was only a foolish little seventeen-year-old head, although its owner taught the Bend school and sang in the church choir, and was an officer of the Village Improvement Society. Miss Kittredge dropped the boy's blouse she was mending, and folded her little knotty, toil worn hands in her lap; her glasses had grown suddenly so misty that she could not see.

"Poor little Selindy-da! It does seem too bad," she murmured. "If Enoch would only pay me, as he said he would, for keepin' house for him and nursin' him through that rheumatic fever, more'n a year ago. I can't bear to say anything—monst relations, so—and Enoch is terrible nigh. And if I do speak it'll only make him cast a slur upon Amasa, his own brother that's dead and gone, because he hadn't more faculty and didn't leave us better off. But then! Selindy does feel so bad now that the Pritchard girls and Naomi Jenks are going to the World's Fair. And it does seem kind of providential that Enoch will be goin' by here home from market this afternoon."

The little woman arose, slowly, but with resolution, and took her mending out to the porch. But the mending was neglected, and she peered anxiously through the fluttering hopvine, down the long, dusty road. She actually trembled when a tall, gaunt figure, upon the seat of an open farm wagon, came suddenly into view.

"Enoch, I want to speak to you just a minute," she called, hurrying out to the gate.

Enoch was thin-lipped, and dried like leather. He flicked a fly from his horse's back without looking up, and with a distinctly discouraging air.

"It ain't any use talkin' to me about Rufe," he said, before the little woman found her breath or her courage to speak. "He's got to make his own way, jest as my boys would, if I had any. I don't care anything about machinery or 'lectricity, or any of the fol-de-rols that he's got his head full of. I don't expect he'll ever amount to as much as Selindy does."

"It's Selindy that I want to speak to you about," said the widow, hastily. "You know I don't like to say anything about it, Enoch, but you said you'd give a little something for takin' care of you when you was sick, and now—Selindy she wants so bad to go to the World's Fair. I expect you'll think it's extravagant, but she worked hard keepin' school, and Rufe he's doin' real well in the mill, and seems as if now was just the time if you did think of givin' me anything."

"You want me to give it to Selindy, do you?" The grim mouth relaxed a very little. If Uncle Enoch had a weakness it was for his niece Selinda, whom all Carmel accounted "smart." "I did think she had more sense than to go galavantin' off to Chicago, a squanderin' money, but maybe I'll give her a little somethin' to help her along. I'm goin' over to B-day after to-morrow, and I'll stop on my way home."

"A little somethin' to help her along?" did not sound like enough to pay Selinda's expenses to the Fair, but there was one good thing about Uncle

Enoch, he was apt to promise something less than he meant to perform; and Selinda's mother remembered hopefully how he had said, after she had nursed him through those long weeks of illness, "I'll remember you harnsomely, M'ria, harnsomely."

That was, indeed, after he had suffered very severe twinges of rheumatism, and Rufe had said it would "take more than rheumatism to take the kinks out of Uncle Enoch so they'd stay out;" nevertheless, Mrs. Kittredge's worn face was aglow as she called to Selinda, who was still prostrate and tearful, and told her just what a hope Uncle Enoch had held out. Selinda was sanguine also. She dried her eyes, and ripped the skirt of the "changeable" silk that had been her mother's wedding dress, to make a "stylish" waist to wear with her old black cashmere skirt. And then she couldn't resist the temptation to run across the field to Naomi Jenks's to tell her of the joyous prospect. And she was really angry with Rufe because he shook his head doubtfully, going right on eating huckleberry pie, when she told him of Uncle Enoch's promise.

When the day came she ran out as soon as she had wiped the dinner dishes to watch for Uncle Enoch. He was late and in a hurry. He handed her out a rather large-sized pasteboard box.

"There, I ain't one to be small when I make up my mind to go a-shoppin'; if you take good care of that 'till last you till the next World's Fair comes round," with a grim chuckle. "You tell your mother it's her own risk lettin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'. I've got other uses for my money."

Selinda carried the box into the house. It was light, but oh, how heavy her heart was! And Rufe, who had been standing behind the great butternut-tree, turned a somersault. Rufe always had provokingly little to say for himself, and he turned somersaults as an expression of his feelings on the most inopportune occasions. Selinda thought that even a boy ought to have more sense. There was silence in the room for the space of a full minute after the cover was taken off the box; then Mrs. Kittredge said with a fearful gasp, "Oh, don't feel so bad, Selindy; it's a real pretty satchel."

Selinda had a temper. I wish that she had had it as fully under control as all but the very bad girls in stories do; but alas! she flung the pretty satchel with all strength, box and all, up into the high cupboard beside the mantelpiece. The box came tumbling down, and the cover followed it, and Rufe carried them off, saying he had been wanting some pasteboard to make a fan for his winnowing machine. (Rufe spent his leisure experimenting upon miniature machinery.) The bag stayed up in the closet, and Selinda sulked and cried, with intervals of trying to be good and make the best of things, and her mother took the egg money, with which she was to have bought herself a pair of gloves, and bought a gilt belt for Selinda, and she made a great many cream pies in anxious, silent sympathy, and opened the strawberry preserves, of which Selinda was very fond.

Sometimes when Selinda was away, Mrs. Kittredge opened the cupboard door and looked at the satchel, and said regretfully, "It's a real pretty satchel." At last, one day, three weeks after the satchel had been flung up there she said it in Selinda's hearing.

"You think so much of pretty things," said Selinda, a little contemptuously. "You wanted some pink vases like those the minister's wife had, and a watch and chain like Mrs. Deacon Palmer had, and a spray of lilac in your bonnet like aunt Jemima! You always liked pretty things and—"

Selinda looked up, suddenly, as if struck by a new thought—"you never had any!"

Rufe looked up from the tiny wheel that he was scouring with emery paper. "I wonder if this is the first time you ever thought of that!" he said in a gruff voice, as if he had a lump in his throat. And he scowled meditatively at her, as Selinda now remembered she had caught him scowling at her before.

"Well, I don't know," was all that their mother said, in a meek, half guilty little voice, and Selinda saw her furtively wipe away a tear.

"Aunt Jemima has sent word by Phoebe Bascom that she wants you to come over and help her get ready to go to the World's Fair," said Selinda when she came home from the dressmaker's the next day. (She was finding a little consolation in the changeable silk waist, although she couldn't wear it to the Fair.) "Aunt Jemima is going, and Mrs. Prentice and Roxie Fowler, with Jonas for an escort."

"I'm real glad for Jemima. They'll have a beautiful time. I guess I will go over and help her fix off, if you think you and Rufe can get along," said Mrs. Kittredge.

Selinda was at the dressmaker's again the next day when Mrs. Kittredge's nephew, Jonas, came after her. Going to the cupboard for her best handkerchief and her gloves, where she kept them "handy" for Sundays, Mrs. Kittredge caught sight of Selinda's satchel.

"I don't believe Selindy would care a mite if I should take it. She said she never would carry it, and it would

look as if I had things like folks," she said to herself.

"Mother does like so much to go visitin'," said Selinda, as Rufe came in that night. She was in the pantry, with her back toward him, but she kept on talking. "She'd be a regular gad about, like Aunt Jemima, if she could." Selinda's tone was slightly aggrieved; she did hate to do housework.

"And she never had a chance to go anywhere!"

Rufe's voice was so gruff now that it made Selinda come out of the pantry and stare at him. His face was red, and he breathed quickly, as if he had been running.

"She's gone, has she?" he said. "But I can go over to Aunt Jemima's; it won't be too late." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and spread them out before Selinda's eyes. "I've been doing extra work for a long time, and I got Mr. Pritchard to pay me to-day. And then I sold those jumping jacks that I made, and the little wooden wagons—you thought I couldn't, but I did—and I've saved every cent I could, and at last there's enough—enough for mother to go to the World's Fair!"

"For mother to go to the World's Fair?" echoed Selinda in utter amazement. She almost laughed, it seemed so ridiculous. And then a sudden revulsion of feeling swept over her. Instead of laughter there was a threatening of tears—a blessed mist that cleared long blinded eyes. "Oh, Rufe, I never thought! It was only mother! And though you're only a boy you did think! Oh, she'll have such a good time! But you, Rufe, I never thought of you, either; and there's the machinery—there are all sorts of things that it would be a real benefit to you to see!"

Rufe turned his back to her, and swallowed a lump in his throat—a lump that went down hard. But he raised his head proudly.

"I shall be a man, and make my way, and see things," said he, "But mother never had a chance."

Rufe planned to go over to aunt Jemima's next morning; but there was no need, for bright and early, their cousin Jonas came driving like mad up to the porch, with Mrs. Kittredge beaming with delight beside him.

"Oh, Selindy, he wasn't so bad—your Uncle Enoch, I mean," she grasped. "Just see!" She opened the satchel, and showed a little inner pocket from which she drew five crisp new twenty-dollar bills. "I found them last night when I was showing the bag to your aunt Jemima. Now, Selindy, you can get ready right off!"

But Selinda shook her head firmly; if she had one little pang of temptation no one will ever know it—and told Rufe's story, while Rufe retired, shame-facedly, behind the wood-shed door, for there was cousin Jonas listening—and added her own plan, which was that her mother should go to Chicago, escorted by her own big boy, Rufe, who would learn twice as much as she—Selinda—would. And Selinda had been so much in the habit of having her own way that of course she had it now.

Little Mrs. Kittredge went off with her sister Jemima, and her cronies, half-dazed with delight, almost as uncertain of herself as the little old woman on the King's highway who cried "O Lawd a mercy on me this surely can't be I!"

And Rufe—but only a boy with a burning desire to "find out things" knows what going to the Fair meant to Rufe. As for Selinda, perhaps there were moments of misgiving, even tears; but she says she had a good time all alone at home. And when her Uncle Enoch, driving by, called out to her:

"Well, Selindy, you found what I put in the bag for you?" she answered, with a happy face:

"Oh, Uncle Enoch, I found the money—and a great deal more!"

Uncle Enoch thought he must be getting deaf; he didn't know what she meant. But it didn't matter much what a girl meant, anyhow.—Portland Transcript.

Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.

According to L. Hoepke, it is to a slow oxidation and to the resulting disengagement of heat that must be attributed the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of coal. The danger is so much the greater in proportion as the surface exposed to the air is wider. It is maximum with coal dust. The loading and trimming should, therefore, be so done as to avoid as much as possible the crumbling of the coal under the influence of the ship's motion. The smallest vessels are preferable for the carriage of coal.

Mr. Hoepke does not believe in the possibility of the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of damp cotton. But it is possible that a spark falling accidentally upon a bale may remain ignited for weeks and afterward set fire to the mass. Greasy cotton, on the contrary, very easily takes fire spontaneously. The same is the case with flax, jute and tow. Stacks of hay, and bales of tobacco and hops are likewise liable to spontaneous combustion.—Scientific American.

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.—Atchison Globe.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

LEFT-OVER STEWED TOMATOES.

If, as often happens, you have a little stewed tomatoes left over from dinner this is a nice way of using them: Boil two-thirds of a cup of rice in two cups of water (or steam it in the double boiler) adding half a teaspoon of salt at the time you pour the boiling water on to the rice. Cook until soft, which will be in a half or three-quarters of an hour. Remove the cover and stir the rice carefully with a fork to let the steam escape and dry off the rice. Heat the tomatoes which were left, season them quite highly with salt and pepper, using a little cayenne to lighten the taste, add to the rice a tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully in, and when melted pour over the tomatoes and stir that also into the rice. Serve at once as a vegetable and you will be surprised to find it so good.—New York Advertiser.

COOKING BANANAS.

Cooked bananas make delicious desserts. As fritters, they are excellent. Sliced, fried and sprinkled with powdered sugar they are good. Made into a pudding by slicing them, placing in a pudding dish with alternate slices of sponge cake, the whole being soaked with beaten egg and baked, they are not to be despised. Preserved bananas are also delicious. Boil together a pound of sugar, a half pint of water and the juice of one lemon and one orange. Skin this and when it is syrup-like put in six peeled bananas sliced in two. Cook for about forty minutes and serve cold.

To bake bananas loosen the skin so that the fruit may be slipped out, but do not take it out until after the baking. Bake for half an hour. Then remove the loosened skins and cover with a sauce made by boiling half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water five minutes and adding a teaspoon of butter and the juice of half a lemon.—New York World.

THE SERVANT OF SMALL THINGS.

There is a prospect that, before we are much older, nearly all our house-keeping will be done by machinery. Not only by special machines for special purposes, but by great co-operative machinery for the whole house-keeping.

But the faithful housekeeper is quite sure that there is one servant who will never be supplanted—the servant of small things. The servant, paid or unpaid, who picks up the trifles every one else drops, and puts away the articles every one else forgets. The servant who carries up and down stairs odd cups and glasses and spoons; who finds overshoes and slates and schoolbooks and hats; who gathers the scattered playthings and discovers the misplaced book or sewing; who makes ready the chair and the footstool for the coming occupant, and who takes up all the dropped stitches, moral and material, in the family life.

There may arise housekeeping machines, big and little, working with marvelous skill and accuracy. But until a method is discovered of putting a heart as well as hands into them, of giving them a soul as well as a body, it is certain that the sphere of the servant of small things can never be perfectly filled by such contrivances.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

After washing never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double-wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

One of the easiest ways of "taking cold" is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

These are days when extra care should be taken to keep the feet perfectly dry. A fresh pair of stockings should be used every day.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread battered bread-crumbs over the top.

Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one gallon of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in suds, then in two cold waters with a little bluing.

Calicoes, ginghams and chambrays cannot be properly washed with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

Two uses of eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with sugar, freely eaten, will relieve heartburn, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out soreness.

In Russia it was once the common belief that beardless men were apolo-

OSTRICH FARMING.

SCENES ON AN OSTRICH CAMP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

habits of this curious bird—How the feathers are secured—Savage Mode of Attack of an Enraged Male.

YOU arrive at the Cape Colony homestead, a square, red brick building, with a sign of relief, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other, the shed and wagon house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable garden and lands, with farther away the camp. Behind the house are the chaff house, tramp floor and butcher's shop, where the natives are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches and



OSTRICH FARM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goats. In this article I shall confine my remarks to ostriches.

A well-fenced and secure inclosure is quite a luxury in the colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the owners of which can afford to keep them in repair and to place in them stock of the more expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3000 to 8000 acres, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four months.

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we mean the long whites, numbering from eighteen to twenty



A TROOP OF OSTRICHES.

in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later again—that is, six months after the primes—the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible without inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.

An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man, or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation.



PICKING A BIRD.

From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every year, and thousands meet with death every year from some form of accident. Chicks up to twelve months old die from various maladies, but seldom after they are full grown are they the victims of

any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scarcity of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Sometimes the female bird may be



OSTRICH ON NEST.

seen scratching in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs, but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs, the remainder being thrown on one side and left to decay.

Forty-four days is the recognized time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed where they come into continual contact with the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarcer, must be fed morning and evening on barley or rape.

It is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance—"brooming," as the Dutch call it—is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion, and gives utterance to three deep roars. The first two are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion hunters all agree to asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another almost exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement—or, as some think, of danger.

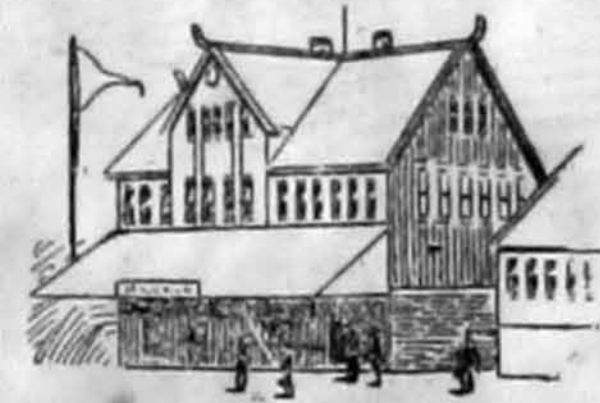
I have seen a bird so savage as to charge seven times in fifteen minutes, twice receiving the prongs of the fork through his neck. On horseback one

is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days, the male at night, the female during the daytime. As an article of food, an ostrich egg is, to my taste, the most nauseous of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese and political warfare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all huddled together in a kraal—when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb—and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced natives clip the feathers. During winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra feeding will pull him through. —Strand Magazine.

Northernmost Railroad in the World.

The northern part of King Oscar's realm has often been called "Sweden's America" because of the richness of the land, although it is still uncultivated. The poorer class of Sweden, however, preferred to emigrate to the



NORTHERNMOST RAILWAY STATION.

United States instead of seeking new homes in Norrland, because that part of the kingdom lacked means of communication by land with the capital and the southern provinces. The coast cities suffered in the winter when ice covered the sea as much as the interior settlements suffered the year round. When it was discovered that Norrland has great hidden riches the Government decided to grant money for the building of a railway which shall connect the extremes of the kingdom.

This Northern Trunk Line of Sweden is now completed, and has just been formally opened by King Oscar. King Oscar is said to be Sweden's ablest orator, and he made "the speech of his life." The festivities surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before in that country.

The new railroad connects at Boden, near the Gulf of Bothnia, with the northernmost railroad in the world, running from the seaport of Umea up to the Gellivara Iron Mountains, forty-seven miles north of the polar circle. This road has been in operation two years. It may be considered the end piece of the continuous line of railroad of about 1250 miles long, stretching north and south the whole length of Sweden.

Norrland provides not less than twenty per cent. of the lumber supply of the globe—or more than Canada and almost twice as much as the United States. The famous Gellivara iron mines, the largest in existence, are considered capable of supplying the world for centuries.

On a Chinese Gunboat.

During my stay at the Kiangnan arsenal, writes Frank G. Carpenter, I visited one of the Chinese gunboats, which was made at Foo Chow. Mr. Cornish, the foreign adviser of the arsenal, was with me, and our Chinese cards were sent into the captain. A moment later a round-faced Chinaman, standing at least six feet two, and weighing 200 pounds, appeared on deck. He bent over and shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion, and then asked Mr. Cornish and myself to step down into his cabin. This was a large room, built much like the saloons of one of our big boats. It was furnished with a number of two-foot tables, which stood against the walls of the room, between heavy armed teakwood chairs, so that as we sat down each of us had a table beside him, upon which later on tea and champagne were served. The tea was given us in Chinese cups, with saucers on their tops, so tilted into them as to keep the tea leaves out of our mouths.

The champagne was served in little glasses the size of an egg cup, and the captain snatched his lips as the amber fluid audibly gurgled down his throat. In the centre of the room as we entered one of the officers of the ship was sitting on a stool with a copper basin in front of him and a barber behind him. The barber was shaving his head and braiding his queue, and the officer did not seem to regard our presence in the least. He rose and shook his own hands at us, then bowed half a dozen times, and then had his man go on with the shaving. There

was, in fact, an unconventionality about the whole ship that was refreshing. A big mandarin was expected, and the marines were dressing themselves on board. One man pulled on his trousers as we came out of the captain's cabin on to the deck, and



A CHINESE MARINE.

another hurriedly got himself into his coat.

The marines wore dark blue shirts or sacks and blue pantaloons of wadded cotton, which were tucked into thick black cloth boots. The shirts were bordered with wide bands of red and were embroidered on the breast with Chinese characters. I had one of the marines on deck photographed, and I noted that his gun was a muzzle loader, though he was standing beside a big Armstrong cannon at the time. I afterwards got a picture of a whole crew with their turned-up straw hats and their light blue clothes, as they posed for their photograph on one of the biggest ships of the Chinese navy, and I was struck with the nerve shown in their faces and the agility with which they moved about at their work.

Cleveland Bays.

The name of the breed is taken from Cleveland, in Yorkshire, England, where it has long been known, the term bay being added to indicate the prevailing color. The origin of the breed is unknown. They are supposed to be a cross between the racehorse and the original breeds in the country.

In color they are bright bay, with black mane and tail, black points and usually a small white spot between the bulbs of the heel. They are of medium size, weighing from 1100 to 1400 pounds. The head is of fair size, with an intelligent eye, finely arched neck, oblique shoulders, short back, long quarters and strong legs.

The Cleveland bay is a general purpose horse, heavy enough for all or-



PRIZE CLEVELAND BAY.

inary farm work, active, stylish and speedy. He is easy to handle, very strong blooded and impresses his characteristics on his grade offspring with certainty. This breed has long been popular in all parts of Europe for coach purposes and for light artillery and cavalry.

Intensity of Confined Sound.

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the water 182 feet below can be distinctly heard. —New York Dispatch.

A Rough Reminder.



He said that he wanted to milk the cow once, just to remind him of the time when he was a boy on the farm. —Judea.

DAYS.

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring— Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told? Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day. What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease Till toil and life and 'the day are the night and death and peace.

—John Hall Ingham, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks; poverty also has a way of telling.

Character is what we are in the dark. —Ram's Horn.

This is the next year you expected so much of last year. —Acheson Globe.

He—"What do you think is the way to win a woman?" She—"Here." —Pack.

"Thou hast cured my heart of aching, dear," Said she. "I'm a doctor of divinity." Quoth he. —Pack.

A Chicago astronomer thinks he has discovered green on the moon. But perhaps it's all in his eye. —Philadelphia Press.

Some men would have better wives if they didn't growl so much whenever they give them a little money. —Ram's Horn.

Clergyman—"Do you take this woman to be your wife?" Politician (absently)—"I authorize the use of my name." —Pack.

Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymire—"No; you don't know my wife." —New York Herald.

Clara—"I'm so fond of music! I want to play the piano awfully." Laura—"Well, you do play it awfully." —New York Herald.

"What I tell my wife, goes." "Indeed?" "Yes; she takes it to her mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere." —Pack.

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" "Freddie—"I think 'twould be awful nice to be an orphan." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Bancroft seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's wrong?" "Yes; he caught the train without running for it." —Inter-Ocean.

These be the days that bring to me A melancholy shock; The frost is on the pumpkin; My overcoat in hook. —Philadelphia Record.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it. —Kate Field's Washington.

The importance of doing one thing at a time is illustrated by the fact that no steamship has ever broken the record and her shaft on the same trip. —Philadelphia Ledger.

And now the man of family Shows worry in his looks, For John and Tom and Sue and Bess Must all have new school books. —Kansas City Journal.

Grant Allen has written an article on the decline in wedlock. The title is an absurdity. If she declines there is no wedlock. And when there is wedlock she hasn't declined. —Brooklyn Eagle.

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle." —Pearson's Weekly.

The soul of the impecunious man Is filled with a dose of the blues, For he's trying to figure out how they will look.

When he blackens his tan-colored shoes. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Robbie—"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up." Charlie—"I'm going to be a train-robber like Jesse James." Johnnie—"Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake." —Truth.

"It must be pretty hard work pounding the pavement with that great rammer," said the idler. "Shure," said Mr. Grogan, "it is not th' droppin' av th' thing on th' shstones that is th' har-rd work at all. It is the littin' av it up." —Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—"Here is the loveliest house coat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit." Clara—"I can tell you how to make him value it above everything." Ethel—"Oh, how?" Clara—"Tell him that you've given it away to some poor man." —Boston Post.

The Earth Man is Made Of.

What is man but a miniature earth, with many dignities in the way of manners, possessions, disembellishments? Yet through all—through all the work of his hands and all the thoughts of his mind—how surely the ground quality of him, the fundamental hue, whether it be this or that, makes itself felt and is alone important. —John Burroughs.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Mar. 1, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave" in China. A general or naval commander there is expected to go on fighting and winning battles, and to kill himself when he loses one. This saves a lot in pensions.

ONE of the wits of the Legislature moved to allow the lobbyists, who had so faithfully attended the past session, \$4.00 each per day for their services. This was a great year for the members of the Legislature. A great concourse of agreeable men were to be found ever ready to warp their views on every question in the most pleasant and seductive manner.

THE misnomer "protection" is the grand secret of the Republican party's "road to success." It brings with it such a multitude of soothing thoughts. It is proclaimed from the housetops, and recruits come at the call. Our party has no such general rallying-word. We seem to be too honest. The people listen to our arguments, but respond to that song of the syren which is composed of the word "protection." Who will invent a war-cry for our party that will neutralize the effect of that false cry "protection?"

It is hard to say just where our Republican Legislature missed it. They were so reluctant to take any well-defined and decisive course, that you can hardly fasten on them the guilt attending the sins of commission. If they have erred it has been on the side of omission. They pierced the veil of futurity, and when the questions concerning the Virginia debt, the compulsory school law, the constitutionality of the present arrangement of the senatorial districts came up, they evaded the responsibility, for they saw the elections of 1896 looming up before them with all their various possibilities. They have argued and made a dumb show at legislating, but on minor points. They brought the session to a businesslike close, and it was the principle businesslike feature of the whole. Now for 1896.

A RATHER long article on "sangers" is published on the first page, from the columns of the *New York Sun*. While the picture may be slightly overdrawn, there may be a great deal of truth in it. For instance, many a mountaineer who digs ginseng and can find it as well as anyone, seriously objects to being called a "sanger." We can see the sanger come down out of the mountain generally followed by his women and children. Reports are very common of these men exchanging wives, taking and giving boot. They kill each other sometimes, but all this is settled among themselves and they never have recourse to law. They do not pay taxes, neither do they vote. If in their quarrels they hurt each other so badly that they need the aid of a physician, the wounds are represented as being due to an accident. We have heard of one settlement on the western frontier of this county, on a magnificent trout stream. Here if one of the female sangers meets a stranger in the road, she flies to the brush and hides. This settlement is governed by no law.

THE CLOSING SEANCE.

The Legislature made it a point to adjourn on time last Friday. A great deal of business was being rushed through. The proposed rearranging of the judicial circuits was such that the Democratic members could not consent to forward it, and it failed. Senator Scott moved to adjourn about 10:30 p. m., and was ruled out of order. At 11:30 men came and set the clock back ninety minutes. At 12:50 they adjourned. Senator Scott objected to them turning the clock back, and was told to sit down. The Republican party claim that they have done nothing to embarrass them in the future. It is very hard to tell what has been passed and what rejected until the printed acts come out, which may be months hence.

THE Democratic party gave up the ghost of a chance it had of carrying the city of Philadelphia. Pattison, the man whose name is a synonym for victory, was beaten by probably the most overwhelming majority ever given in a municipal election. The Republicans seem to want the earth.

THE RAILROAD!

NO FAKE THIS TIME! HUNTERSVILLE THE LUCKY TOWN!

Marlinton Only Six Miles from the Depot!

Our people were electrified by the report in the Philadelphia papers that Henry G. Davis would commence to extend his road southward at once, without waiting to complete his Hagerstown extension. Huntersville is the fortunate town chosen to be developed by this road. The grading as far as Huntersville will be completed this season.

Pocahontas Mutton.

This county has a distinction that few of its inhabitants know of. On the wool and stock markets Pocahontas mutton ranks as the highest quality. A prominent West Virginian asked a city dealer what was meant by that term. He was told that it applied to all the best flocks of sheep from New Mexico to Maine, and that the name came from a county in West Virginia.

He explained that this county was on the very apex of the mountains of the Atlantic coast, and that sheep raised at a high altitude are much to be desired for their fine wool and the superiority of the mutton they make. So we have made a name for the best of sheep, and while many flocks are superior to any raised in this county, they are proud to be classed as Pocahontas mutton.

How's This?

Think carefully before you read this, for it may be a question you cannot answer:

ACADEMY, W. Va., Feb. 26, 1895. Editor Pocahontas Times:

I send you the following problem to be inserted in your paper:

How many acres of land must be enclosed with a rail fence so that one rail will fence a square acre? The fence is to be eight rails high, with the usual worm or sixteen rails to the rod. Send solution of problem with the proof.

Died.

MRS. JANE KENNISON.

At her home on Swago, February 19th, Mrs. Jane Kennison, aged about 68 years. For many months she has been a sufferer from a painful and emaciating complication of diseases. She was a daughter of Squire John McNeil. Her husband was the late William Kennison. She was a kind, self-sacrificing neighbor, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church from childhood, and never fed upon the bread of idleness. It was her custom morning and evening to gather her family to read and pray with them at the family altar. The Heavenly Father has called his faithful daughter home. Her toils, cares, and sufferings have come to a restful end.

A MYSTERIOUS

DISAPPEARANCE BROUGHT TO AN UNTIMELY END!

A Missing Englishman Returns Unscathed! Special to The Times.

MINGO, W. Va., Feb. 23, 1895—For three months the friends of Mr. Arthur Lawson, of Duffryn, had been much concerned on account of his mysterious disappearance. He is the owner of a fine, well-stocked grazing estate near here, called Duffryn. He is the leader in all the sports of the British Colony. Last November he left on a business trip to Grafton, and for three months not a word was heard from him. The constant and steady arrival of letters from England left no room for the inference that he had gone home. Presently anxious inquiries came from England concerning him. Dark and bloody visions rose before the eyes of those he had left behind him. The most popular surmise was that he had been decoyed into some dark hole and been sand-bagged and robbed. His cattle, sheep, and property generally was kept intact, but there was little hope of his return.

Last week, however, the missing man appeared suddenly in our midst, followed by a most enormous Irish wolf-hound. This dog weighs 120 pounds. In this effective style he returned and soon convinced the most sceptical that he was still in flesh and blood, and that it was not his wraith which stood before them. He found barrels of mail matter awaiting him. He had simply been taking a tour, and during the time and visited nearly all of the principle cities of United States and Canada, and had refrained from writing letters.

As to his tour, he says that "A man should hustle around and see the world a bit," adding from the "Imprisoned Huntsman:"

"I hate to learn the ebb of time From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,

Or mark the shadows as they crawl,

Inch after inch along the wall!"

Mr. Lawson is hard at work at the present getting his forces ready for the field day at Marlinton this month.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder, for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. A. Beverage and Paul Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Trustee.

Jan. 25, 1895.

C. B. SWECKER, General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished.

Postoffice—Dumfries, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR RENT! My fore-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden. J. R. FOOTE, Edray, W. Va.

The Washington Post AND THE Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE OF \$1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at an nominal sum. This offer is for subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION. PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

{ West End }
{ of Bridge. }

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You.

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